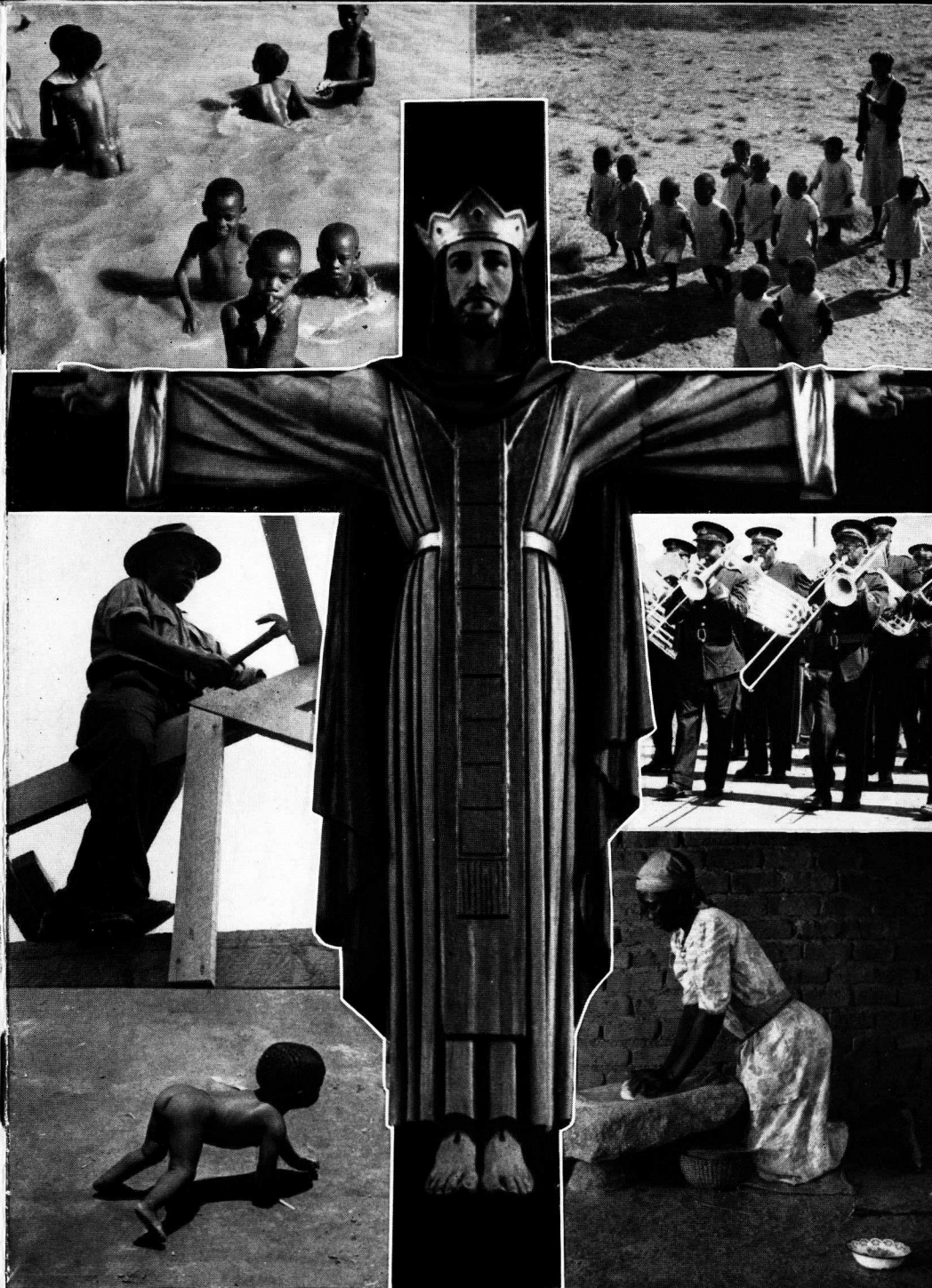




(3rd edition)

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CHRIST DOTH REIGN

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IN AFRICA

In Africa today many far reaching changes are taking place which affect the work of The Community of the Resurrection. This brochure gives some account of its activities at the time of printing in the early days of 1956

THE FRONT COVER. The figure of Christ reigning from the cross hangs above the High Altar at the Church of Christ the King, Sophiatown. The boys are bathing in flood-water at Orlando. The teacher and children are at Dikonyaneng (the fold of the lambs), the Orlando Nursery-School. The builder is building a class room in Orlando. The brass-band is one of the African bands which play in the locations at week-ends. The baby is in the Orlando shelters. The woman is grinding corn on a stone near Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia.

THE BACK COVER. School prayers at St. Augustine's School, Orlando.



Rosettenville Priory. A corner of the Garden

The sticky wicket

The centre of the work of the Community of the Resurrection in Africa is St. Peter's Priory, Rosettenville, Johannesburg.

It is the root of our life.

The daily round of Mass and Office goes on here just as it does at Mirfield.

The tree that springs from this root has four branches:

St. Peter's Secondary School for African boys and girls,

the theological college for Africans,

the outside congregation of serving men and women from the surrounding suburbs, and

St. Benedict's House, across the road, for retreats, conferences and so on.



The "Huddleston Jazz Band", St. Peter's School, Johannesburg

The C.I.D. watches

The Secondary School is to be lopped off at the end of 1956, because the Government does not want cultured Africans.

It is preparing to die with immense vigour.

The rest of the tree shows no signs of withering away; and it will not, unless it is brought low by official action.

The C.I.D. watch our tree very closely. They do not trust the foresters.

All this is very encouraging, and is exactly as it should be.

Thank you, God.

Dying with a Bang

The Brethren of the Community and the Sisters of the Order of the Holy Paraclete from Whitby and their helpers keep the show going,
we hope to the glory of God,
helped by the prayers of the Fraternity of the Resurrection and of all our other friends,
and to the throb and rhythm of the Huddleston Jazz Band,
playing louder as the life of the school grows shorter.

We shall die,
if die we must,

“not with a
whimper
but a
BANG”.



*A tasty mouthful—
Johannesburg*

Sophiatown

Sophiatown is where many Africans owned their homes.

They must not do that.

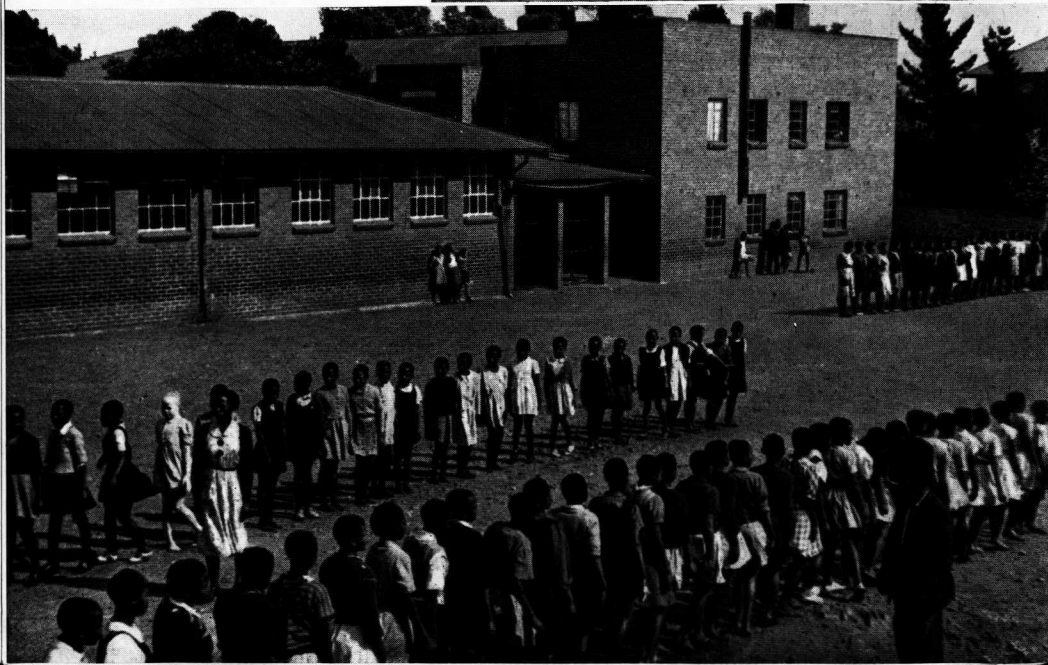
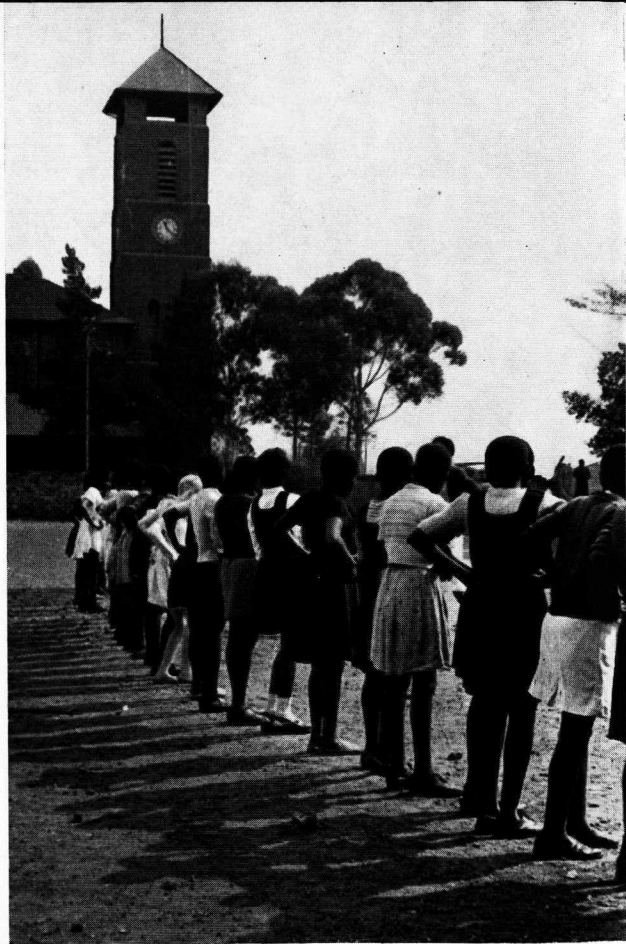
The whites are wanting to move in, so the blacks must go.

Army lorries cart the people away.

Police patrols, well armed, watch the exodus.

Christ the King Private School—Under the Church Tower. Closed Easter 1956

School Drill



Young Africa



Christian Mother

and Christ the King

White priests, white Sisters, white helpers may not follow.

These days they may not live with the black flock.

So the Community of the Resurrection makes no move.

Where can it go ?

And there is still work to do among the Africans that are left behind.

There are still congregations in the great church of Christ the King.

We must stay till there is no one left.



At The Shrine of Our Lady

Parents in difficulty

The Bantu Education Act has closed our great school.

But another took its place. Before the Nationalists came to power, our schools were government aided; the new school was run solely on the fees collected, or on the charity of sympathizers.

The Government did not like that, so the school was forced to close.

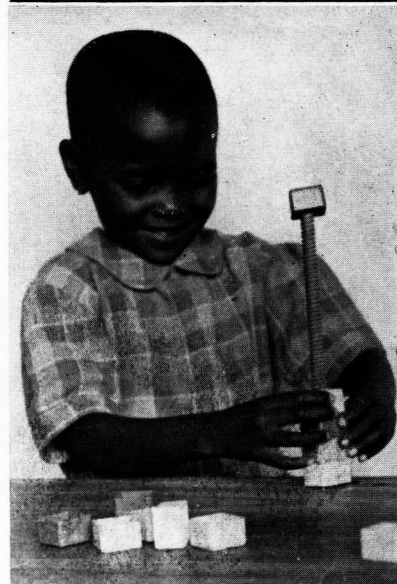
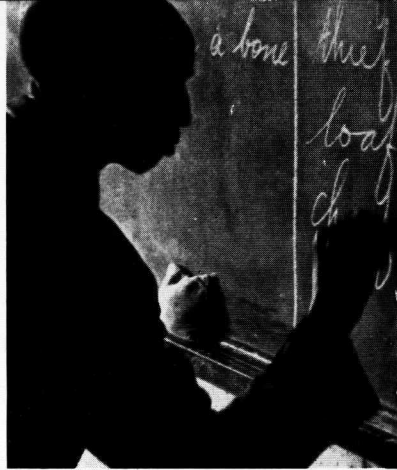
The Community of the Resurrection lives here in the Priory of Christ the King.

It is the one you saw in 'Cry, the Beloved Country'.

Next to it is a hostel for some dozen schoolboys.

But a hostel with a difference.

They are picked school-boys, prepared to live a disciplined life of work and prayer, to fit them, perhaps, to be priests one day, or even lay brothers.



*Africa teaches
Christian Patriarch
Girl playing*



*Africa learns
Heathen Matriarch
Boy eating*

Dashed hopes

In Orlando, the Community of the Resurrection lives at the Priory of St. Mary at the Cross.

It was to have been a great centre of evangelism for all the vast housing areas for Africans round about.

But we have to go.

We can't live here.

We are a white spot in a black area, and that won't do.

To show us, they are building a hostel to house 5000 African single men, and a beer hall, right on the doorstep of the Wantage Sisters' house.

The Sisters have had to go.

Hopes revived

We dedicated another church in Orlando last July, nothing daunted.

If we go, we shall leave four well-appointed churches for African clergy to minister in.

The Community cannot leave South Africa.

We must train faithful African priests to do the work that has got to be done.



In a heathen home near Jane Furse Hospital

Heathendom

Two hundred miles from Johannesburg, in the Eastern Transvaal, lives Chief Sekhukuni, in a great infertile reserve, where thousands of his people eke out a bare existence.

The Community of the Resurrection lives there too, in the Priory of St. Francis.

Up there it is still the land of the witch-doctor.

There is still a human sacrifice every now and again.

If the drought lasts too long, mothers do not let their little sons out of their sight.

One never knows.

No easy task

The Church has been in Sekhukuniland nearly 50 years. There are not 400 Christians on our communicants' roll.

The heathen chiefs have mostly been to mission schools.

They know all about heathendom.

They have seen Christianity.

They choose heathendom.

The Church is divided.

A disunited Church confronts the heathen African.

It requires real heroism to be a Christian in Sekhukuniland; but there are Christians.

Blessed be God.

Our Priory is next to a great Christian hospital, where black doctors and nurses work happily beside white doctors and nurses; the Fathers of the Community of the Resurrection work with them too.

The Church has been planted.

The harvest will be reaped.



Woman of the Mandebele smearing floor with cow dung

Penhalonga

Southern Rhodesia is not the Union of South Africa.
It is a part of the NEW Federation of Central Africa.
It is not dark and cloudy here—
Outlook very favourable.

Education Boom

Here the Community of the Resurrection lives at St. Augustine's Priory, Penhalonga, surrounded by its schools.

Here the jazz band does not throb to intoxicate frustrated children;
here the children dance to relax.

There is some hope in Southern Rhodesia.

Nine Europeans, four of them Religious, work in the schools.

We are building:
girls' hostel, boys' dormitories, class-rooms.
Cost £50,000.

We have the Senior Cambridge Examination in view, so that some of our pupils may go on to the new University.

We want more European Teachers.

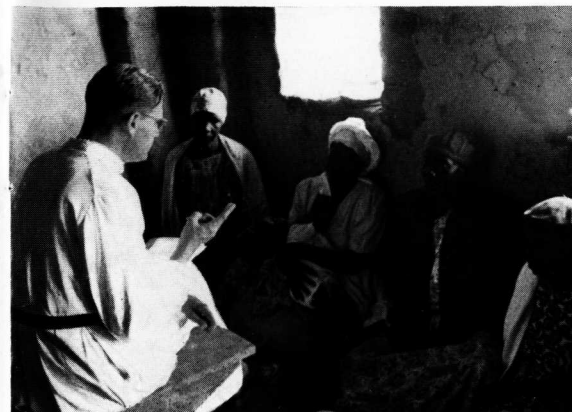
St. Augustine's Church, Penhalonga



Playtime at a country school



Church of St. Augustine's—West front



Catechumens in class

FOR THE MOMENT,
this is the right policy.

In the vast, scattered district,
with its thousands of communicants,
the outlook is not so bright.

What can two priests do
but scratch the surface?

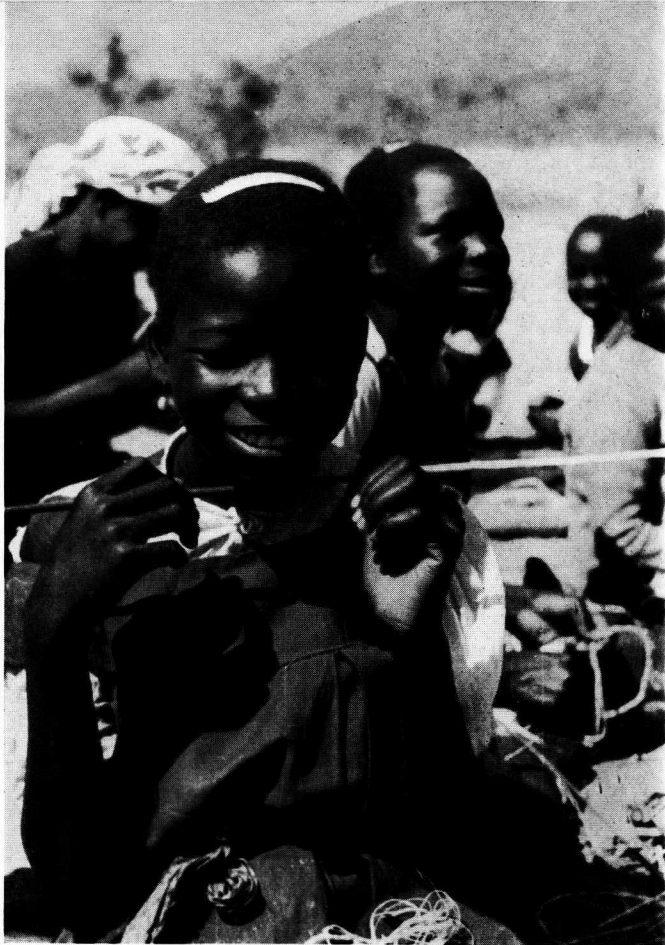
Many thousands of faithful only eat the Bread of Life four times a year.

We must have more priests if we want to stop the falling away from the Faith.

O, what a farm!

St. Augustine's is a
'farm'.

A farm of valleys,
hills, villages, rivers,
rocks, forests, arable
land, pasture,
baboons and buck
—even an occasional
lion or leopard.



Rhodesian Belle

4000 acres of it and more.

It all looks so peaceful—the great church,
a two-towered shrine of the Blessed Sacrament set
among the eternal hills.

But its very isolation means strain and stress.



Priest on trek



Open air class



Country school

The Government policy
is more liberal here, and
financially generous.

Some prejudice exists, but
hope grows and the future
is bright.

We want money and men.

We want to grow more
food, fruit and vegetables.

We want to farm more
stock.

Anything is possible here.

We want money and
men, money and men.

If in the Union, it is the
Passion,
at Penhalonga it is
Galilee.

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